

Mistakes From Lovers

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Anger, Gay, Gay bbys, Love, M/M

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough & Stanley Uris, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-23

Updated: 2017-10-23

Packaged: 2020-01-29 13:44:11

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,389

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Bill is sad. Stan doesn't understand. The losers are worried.

Mistakes From Lovers

Bill knows he hasn't been acting right towards everyone. He's been pushing the losers away and snapping at Stan when he even tries to hold his hand. He can't help it, it just happens. He rests on the bed, his hands trembling as he tries to focus on anything other than that. He can't help himself and his eyes flicker to the wall, at the calendar he put up just before...

Bill squeezes his eyes shut and let's out a shaky sigh before he opens his eyes and looks at the date. Less than a week and it'll be time. His bottom lip trembles and he looks back down at his lap, his hands shaking. His mind goes back to the last two days and his heart races. He hasn't been the best friend. Or boyfriend. He hasn't been the best anything. His mind goes to Stan and he smiles softly. His beautiful Stanley, always there for him. His smile goes away as he remembers their last encounter and how he acted.

flashback

Bill watches as Stan throws his head back and groans loudly at Richie's joke. Everyone is laughing after and Bill frowns.

'Georgie loved Richie's stupid jokes' Bill finds himself thinking, shaking his head to get the thought out of his head. Stan notices and looks down at Bill, frowning a little.

"You okay, Bill?" Stan whispers into Bill's ear, his frowning, confused face turning to hurt as Bill moves away and out of his arms.

"C-Can yuh-you take me home?" Bill asks, not making eye contact with Stan but he notices the look on his face from the corner of his eye.

"Oh. Sure. Go grab your coat." Bill nods and stands up, walking towards Eddie and Richie's bedroom. He grabs his coat from the bed and stops as he notices the patch in it. His eye water as he remembers how him and Georgie got their mother to stitch a piece of their coats into each other's coats. He blinks back his tears and pulls on his coat, walking out of the room and noticing how silent it is in the living room. He ignores it and walks out the front door and towards Stan's

car. He's quiet as Stan gets in and Stan starts the car, heading to Bill's house.

The car ride there is silent, Stan not sure if he should ask and Bill just wanting to go home and shut himself in his room. As they pull up, Stan stops Bill from getting out.

"No kiss, bubba?" Stan asks and Bill is hesitant and he turns and kisses Stan on the cheek before rushing away, leaving Stan with a confused yet upset expression.

flashback over

Bill wipes his tears and sighs softly as he starts to head downstairs, the cold of the tile floor in the kitchen not bothering him much. He grabs a glass and fills it with water, watching the drain intensely. He almost jumps out of skin as there's four knocks at the door. He knows exactly who it is.

He takes a second to set down his glass and make his way to the door. He opens the door, silently praying that Stan can't see his puffy face as more than his sleepy state.

"Did I wake you?" He hears his boyfriend asks, not looking at him. He shakes his head.

"N-No. I was down getting a g-glass of wah-water." He says quietly and opens the door more to let Stan passed him. He shivers slightly as a breeze makes its way into the house. Mid-November and it was already cold.

Both of the teenagers make their way up the stairs and into Bill's room. Bill takes a look at Stan and notices his eyes are a little puffy, but he doesn't mention it. He can feel the guilt deep down, but he pushes it down more and ignores it.

Stan looks up at Bill through his eyelashes and sighs loudly.

"Are you going to sit?" Stan asks and Bill feels his face flush and he nods, sitting cautiously beside Stan. It's silent for a while, leaving Bill in his thoughts.

'You get too depressed and he'll leave you.'

'No.' He thinks again, feeling horrified. Before any other bad thoughts come, he hears Stan speaking.

"Is it gonna be like this now? You won't even talk to me, Bill." Stan says, his voice cracking. Bill notices the tears threatening to come out of his eyes. Bill gulps, tears coming to his eyes and he blinks them back.

"I-I..." Bill can't even think to talk. Is it really going to be like this? Bill can't even talk to Stan in a normal conversation.

"Are you not attracted to me anymore?" Bill feels his chest tighten at the sound of Stanley. He sounds so broken. Before Bill can say anything, Stan is up and pacing back and forth.

"Of course you aren't. I mean look at me." Stan lets out a bitter laugh. "I don't even know why I try when you won't even give anything for us recently."

Bill feels tears pour out of his eyes as Stan rants. He loves Stan so much, even if he hasn't been showing it.

"S-Stan..." He looks down as Stan's eyes snap to his. "T-This weekend...." Stan rolls his eyes and cuts Bill off.

"It's a weekend date, Bill. We don't have to go to a stupid dinner that means nothing." Stan snaps and Bill feels his heart drop. Stan doesn't even know. He feels himself get angry. How dare Stan say it means nothing. It means EVERYTHING.

"F-Fuck yuh-you S-Stan." Bill says angrily and Stan stops, a little shocked. Bill has never cursed at Stan, not angrily at least. "Y-You have n-n-no r-right."

Bill can feel himself getting even more upset as Stan scoffs.

"Have no right for what? Saying I don't have feeling for a stupid dinner." Stan snaps and before Bill can stop himself, he's across the room, punching Stan across the face. Stan stumbles back and looks at Bill, who looks back at him with the same shocked expression.

"St-Stan..." Bill says weakly and takes a step forward. Stan takes two

steps back.

“Maybe it’s best we stop seeing each other.” Stan snaps bitterly and is out the door, leaving Bill frozen in his spot. Bill hears the door slam downstairs and that’s when he drops to his knees and sobs. He crawls back and curls up on the bed when he climbs onto it, sobbing into his pillow.

Meanwhile, Stan is walking through the empty streets, mumbling angrily. The breeze against his now bruising cheek hurts, but he pushes it aside, just needing to make it home.

The losers catch on easy that Stan and Bill are no longer together. Bill doesn’t come around much, but when he does, he’s distant and quiet. Worse than a few days ago. He watches Ben and Beverly as they cuddle, wishing it was him and Stan everyone told to get a room. Stan doesn’t stay away much, he’s hanging with Richie or Eddie. Sometimes Mike. He started working with Mike, letting out all of his anger as he works on the farm.

The losers are worried for them both, but no one brings it up. Just like no one brings up how bad it looks like Bill hasn’t slept in days and Stan constantly ‘accidentally’ hurts himself while working.

Bill notices Stan looking like he doesn’t cry. Bill feels his heart squeeze in pain. Did they not mean anything to Stan? Did he not mean anything to Stan? Bill excuses himself from the group, making an excuse that his mother wants him home early. The rest of the losers notice as Stan acts like he isn’t bothered, but they see him glancing after Bill with a pained expression. Eddie thinks to himself, wondering how the two boys who made each other whole, are now not speaking at all.

Back at his house, Bill is looking through his notebook at all the things of him and Stan. He pauses on a picture. Bev took it. They got caught after their first make out during seven minutes in heaven. Stan was blushing, a huge smile on his face as Bill has his head tucked into Stan’s neck, mid laugh. Bill smiles softly and flips the page, noticing it’s his and Stan’s one year. Bill remembers that night.

The hot kisses, the hickeys he dealt with the next day. He shakes his head and turns the page. His heart skips a beat and tears come to his eyes. The picture of them when they were young. Baby Georgie was between them, holding onto one of each of their fingers. He remembers, looking down at his handwriting.

When I first realized I loved Stanley Uris—Age 6

Bill starts sobbing at that moment, hating himself. He drove away Stan when he needed him the most. He punched him. PUNCHED. He lets out a sob and throws the notebook.

“S-s-st-tupid idiot!” He shouts through sobs.

Stan rubs his eyes tiredly and sits up, yawning. He glances to the side of his bed, a pain in his chest as he remembers once again that Bill won't be there. That was ended. And with Stanley's stubborn mind, he realized it probably wouldn't soon. He checked the day and he sighed. It's Thursday. He frowns, realizing that he'll have to see Bill. He sits up, dreading the day already. He just has a bad feeling.

He gets to school and frowns as Bill isn't with the rest of the losers. Richie was unusually quiet, but Stan didn't mention it. He has a casual conversation with Mike, ignoring the weird looks he's getting from the other losers. They were acting weird today.

Stan went through the day wondering where Bill was. Eddie said he tried calling but no one answered. Stan felt a pain in his chest as he almost prayed for Bill to be okay. He needed to be. Or else Stan knew he wouldn't be.

One day of not seeing Bill was okay, but after two days, Stan felt like his life was ending. Was Bill okay? He found himself wanting to ask, but he never did. Since it was Friday, he went out with Richie. He couldn't say no since Richie was being so weird. They went to the arcade and played a few games against each other, Richie seeming like his normal self. As they sit down to eat, Richie goes quiet again. Stan doesn't pressure him, knowing if he wanted to tell Stan, he would.

“It’s kinda sad today.” Richie says, startling Stan.

“Why?” Stan asks, taking a bite of his food. Richie looks at Stan with a confused look.

“Tomorrow is Thanksgiving, dude.” Richie says and Stan frowns, not understanding. Richie sighs, understanding now what went on. Why Bill called him crying that night.

“Dude. Georgie loved Thanksgiving. Him and Bill always did something.” Richie says, frustrated. After that, it seems like it all hits him and it feels like the wind is knocked out of him.

“Fuck.” He mumbles before rushing out, ignoring the calls from Richie about Bill might not being home.

Stan bursts through the door of Bill’s house after knocking and not getting an answer. He grabs the spare key and lets himself in. He rushes up to Bill’s room and he stops in the doorway, his eyes widening.

“Holy shit!” He finds himself saying as he looks around. Bill’s room is trashed, things thrown everywhere. He notices a familiar notebook he always sees Bill with. He walks over and looks at the page that’s open. His heart stops as he reads the caption to the picture. The tears flow out of his eyes as he looks at it. He sets it down on Bill’s desk and panics. If Bill isn’t here, then where is he? Stan steps out of Bill’s room and calls out his name. After not hearing anything, he gives up, thinking Richie was right. As he walks by Georgie’s room, he freezes, hearing a snuffle.

Stan slowly makes his way to the door, pushing it open and seeing Bill sitting in the middle of Georgie’s bed, curled up and sniffing.

“Bill?” Stan lets out weakly and Bill’s head leans up, showing his tear stained face. Bill wipes his face aggressively.

“W-What are yuh-you duh-doing, S-Stanley?” Bill asks, not having the energy to be angry. He missed Georgie so much. It was Georgie’s day.

‘It is.’ Bill reminds himself. It is Georgie’s day. He doesn’t notice Stan

looking at him, looking at the mess he made.

“I’m so sorry.” Bill is pulled out of his thoughts by Stan’s sob and he looks at him in bewilderment. “It’s all my fault we broke up. I’m a stubborn ass and you deserve so much better. Someone w-who remembers a day like this.”

Stan gasps out, trying to catch his breath. Bill grabs his hand and pulls him towards the bed, lightly holding Stan as he cries. Stan clings onto him and Bill sobs with him.

After a few minutes of crying, their both calmed down, relaxing in each other’s arms.

“I love you.” Stan whispers and Bill sighs shakily.

“I-I luh-love you.” Bill stutters and blushes as Stan leans in and kisses him softly.

“Please tell me when something’s wrong Bill. I love you so much and the last few days have been torture.” Stan says quietly. “I’m so sorry I forgot what this meant to you and him.”

Stan doesn’t mention the name, but they both know. Bill smiles softly and kisses Stan softly. Stan kisses back and smiles wide as Bill pulls him closer.

“Take me to the room please. It feels weird in here.” Bill says quietly and squeals when Stan picks him up easily. Stan walks into Bill’s room.

“I wanna make it up to you.” Stan mumbles into the kisses. Bill smiles.

“The fact that you’re here makes it so much better.” Bill mumbles before kissing Stan again and pulls him close so they’re pressed into each other.

Later as they lay next to each other, freshly showered in Bill’s now clean room, they talk about their future and fall asleep. Happy with each other and their lives. Even if it isn’t perfect.

Author's Note:

Let me know if you like it :)